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A LESSON for JURORS, which cannot be too generally
known and circulated.

A JUDGE, who lately travelled the north-west circuit in Ireland, came to the trial of a cause, in which much of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighbourhood were concerned; it was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor by the defendant, in the defence of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl, from ravishment. Not only the bench, but the whole bar, dined with the prosecutor's father the day before the trial; and some of them praise the venison and the claret even to this day.

When the poor man was brought into court, and put to the bar, the prosecutor appeared, and swore most manfully to every tittle in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the jurors, who were composed of honest tradesmen and reputable farmers. The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause—and he pleaded, not to the fancy, but to the judgment and the heart. The jury found him—Not Guilty.

The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout of applause. The judge told the jury they must go back to the jury-room, and re-consider the matter; adding, "He was astonished they could presume to return so infamous a verdict." The jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench:

"My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury-room; but as we found then no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it to you in the same words as before—Not Guilty. We heard your lordship's extraordinary language of reproof, but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that we ourselves, individually considered, in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men; therefore, in that light, we claim nothing, out of this box, above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible to the great and constitutional importance of the department we now fill; we feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution; not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and the offender, but that, by the favour of that constitution, we act in the situation of a still greater confidence; for we form, as a jury, the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench!

"To you, my lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respect by your private virtues: in this place your private character is invisible; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only we can look.

"The

"This jury, my lord, does not, in this business, presume to offer that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honour of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny; no, we looked to it as the mercy-seat of royalty, as the sanctuary of truth and justice; still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our school books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on the first pages of our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful, that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy-seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a Tressilau, a Scraggs, and a Jefferies.

[Here a frown from the Bench.]

"Nay, my lord; I am a poor man, but I am a free-born subject of the kingdom of Ireland, a member of the constitution; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof. I therefore claim, for myself and fellow-jurors, the liberty of speech; and, if I am refused it here, I shall assume it before the people at the door of this court-house, and tell them why I deliver my mind there instead of in this place.

[Here the Bench re-assumed complacency.]

"I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character—we know you here only in that of judge; and as such we would respect you—you know nothing of us but as a jury, and in that situation we should look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his titles or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant the presumption of an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal.

bunal, in whom they have vested the dearest and most valuable privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but, in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have, in our own minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor that bench, nor to the king, who placed you there, but to a higher power, the King of kings."

The bench was dumb, the bar was silent; but astonishment murmured throughout the crowd, and the poor man was discharged.

ANECDOTE of the late PRINCESS DOWAGER of WALES.

SOON after her first arrival in England, she derived great pleasure from perusing the newspapers; a custom which she discontinued the last ten years of her life, but which first taught her the genius and manners of the English people. In the month of December, 1742, her royal highness read in one of these papers, the following advertisement:

DISTRESS.

"A man who has served his country bravely is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient

gent to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortunes, and may be witnesses of his present, by calling at *****.

I have observed already, that this amiable lady was experienced in distress; and there was an air of truth, of candour, of superiority to deceit, through the whole of this advertisement, which greatly bespoke her sympathy, and roused her humanity. She resolved to see the miserable man who advertised.

Her highness had in her house a lady of German extraction, who accompanied her from Germany to England, and who was her favourite and companion till the lady's death, which happened about fifteen years ago. With this companion she resolved to visit the scene of distress. In a common morning dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set off about noon, the lady walking slowly behind her: they eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment (in one of the streets behind Golden-square), which they entered. A woman whose ghastly features were pale with poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, and whose face out-did her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a cold fire, having on his knee a boy wrapped round in a flannel petticoat; over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with eyes of affection and anguish. All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and clasped her in her arms, as if she had suddenly entered into the mansion of

of horror and despair. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of his hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, With all my heart.

Need I describe to the reader the scene that ensued? Need I inform him, that hope and expectation sat panting in the father's eye; that sensibility and pity wandered over the princess's features, and diffused over all her countenance, a graceful sorrow and dejection? This scene would have afforded the most luxurious feast to a feeling soul; it's such I will not injure it by my pen, but resign it to be conceived by the imagination.

The attending lady first broke silence, by disclosing their business. She said, that they had read his advertisement, and that they were desirous of receiving the information which it promised. The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story.

His voice was good, and his style was simple; and he spoke with precision, fluency and grace. But as I am not now writing his history, but an anecdote of the Princess Dowager of Wales, I will not write his history after him. The reader must be contented at present with knowing, that he had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany; that a knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves; that one of these hot-headed youths had sent him a challenge on a very frivolous pretence, which he refused to accept, from motives of duty and honour; that pretences were drawn from this circumstance, and combinations formed

to insult and ruin him; that they represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer, and a bad officer: that his conduct was inquired into; and overpowered by numbers, he was broke for crimes which he never committed: That he set out immediately with his little family for England, to lay his case before the secretary at war, and to implore justice; that having no powerful friend to introduce him into the War-office, the secretary was too deeply engaged in the business of the war, to listen to the complaints of a friendless ensign; that this put a period to his hopes; that his wife was then seized with sickness, but being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies, her distemper was soon communicated to the two children; and that, having spent his last six-pence, in a fit of agony and despair he sent the above-mentioned advertisement to the newspapers, as the last resource which a gentleman's honour could stoop to. Though many pathetic circumstances are suppressed, this is the leading line of the story. He related it with a firm and manly countenance, and was a fine contrast to the soft and amiable sensibility which the ladies displayed in the course of it.

It was a case of unfeigned distress, and even despair; and the Princess thought, that in his present desperate situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort, than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. Putting ten guineas into his hand, she told him, "that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related his story, felt for him and pitied him; and that she would procure justice to himself, his wife, and his infants." The astonished ensign had already dropt on one knee, to acknowledge her rank, her condescension, and her goodness; but, rushing to the door, she hurried down the stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapt in wonder and gratitude.

Let

Let those enjoy these moments who can feel them. The officer made his little mansion echo with her name. He repeated it with rapture, and recommended it to heaven; and never were prayers more sincere: while the princess returned to her house, satisfied that she had begun a good work, which she was resolved to bring to a happy conclusion.

The issue of this is so obvious, that every one may guess it. The Princess applied to the Duke of Cumberland in the officer's behalf; and after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders. Thus provided for, she enjoined him to prepare for his expedition, and to leave his little family under her protection till his return. Though this charge was dear to him, he willingly resigned it to so faithful a guardian, and set off to join a regiment where he was recommended by royal patronage itself. He behaved with his usual bravery and prudence, and after the peace of Aix la-Chapelle, in 1748, returned to England, to his wife and his children, with a major's commission. He lived at home happy and beloved; the same benevolent lady who first snatched him from ruin, still patronizing him. He afterwards sacrificed his life for his country on the plains of Minden—A field which proved disgraceful to many people; but covered his grey hairs with honour and laurels.

More is not necessary. I have related enough of the old ensign's life, to display the tenderness, the benevolence, the generosity of the great and amiable lady, whose memory I shall ever revere. It remains now only to inform the reader, that the son of the old ensign—who languished upon his knee, whom he gazed upon with despair, when the Princess first entered this wretched habitation—is now the writer of this little story.

story; and he dedicates this sincere tribute to her memory, as a monument of her virtues.

ESSAY on the CHARACTER of DR. JOHNSON,

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IF we look back, as from an eminence, to view the scenes of life, and the literary labours in which Dr. Johnson was engaged, we may be able to delineate the features of the man, and to form an estimate of his genius.

As a man, Dr. Johnson stands displayed in open daylight. Nothing remains undiscovered. Whatever he said is known; and without allowing him the usual privilege of hazarding sentiments, and advancing positions, for mere amusement, or the pleasure of disquisition, criticism has endeavoured to make him answerable for what, perhaps, he never seriously thought. His diary, which has been printed, discovers still more. We have before us the very heart of the man, with all his inward consciousness. And yet neither in the open paths of life, nor in his secret recesses, has any one vice been discovered. We see him reviewing every year of his life, and severely censuring himself for not keeping resolutions, which morbid melancholy, and other bodily infirmities, rendered impracticable. We see him for every little defect imposing on himself voluntary penance, going through the day with only one cup of tea without milk, and to the last, amidst paroxysms and remissions of illness, forming plans of study and resolutions to amend his life. Many of his scruples may be called weaknesses, but they are the weaknesses of a good, a pious, and most excellent man.

His person, it is well known, was large and unwieldy. His nerves were affected by that disorder, for which, at two years of age, he was presented to the royal touch. His head shook, and involuntary motions made it uncertain that his legs and arms would, even at a tea-table, remain in their proper place. A person of Lord Chesterfield's delicacy might in his company be in a fever. He would sometimes, of his own accord, do things inconsistent with the established modes of behaviour. Sitting at table with the celebrated Mrs. Cholmondeley, who exerted herself to circulate the subscription for Shakespeare, he took hold of her hand in the middle of dinner, and held it close to his eye, wondering at the delicacy and the whiteness, till with a smile she asked, Will he give it to me again when he has done with it? The exteriors of politeness did not belong to Johnson. Even that civility which proceeds, or ought to proceed, from the mind, was sometimes violated. His morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper; his passions were irritable; and the pride of science, as well as of a fierce independent spirit, inflamed him on some occasions above all bounds of moderation. Though not in the shade of academic bowers, he had a scholastic life; and the habit of pronouncing decisions to his friends and visitors gave him a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud, and often over-stretched. Metaphysical discussion, moral theory, systems of religion, and anecdotes of literature, were his favourite topics. General history had little of his regard. Biography was his delight. The proper study of mankind is man. Sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be rude to the person who introduced the subject.

Johnson was born a logician; one of those, to whom only books of logic are said to be of use. In consequence of his skill in that art he loved argumentation.

No man thought more profoundly, nor with such acute discernment. A fallacy could not stand before him; it was sure to be refuted by strength of reasoning, and a precision both in idea and expression almost unequalled. When he chose by apt illustration to place the argument of his adversary in a ludicrous light, one was almost inclined to think ridicule the test of truth. He was surprised to be told, but it was certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents. That he often argued for the sake of a triumph over his adversary, cannot be dissembled. Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, has been heard to tell of a friend of his, who thanked him for introducing him to Dr. Johnson, as he had been convinced, in the course of a long dispute, that an opinion which he had embraced as a settled truth, was no better than a vulgar error. This being reported to Johnson, "Nay," said he, "do not let him be thankful, for he was right, and I was wrong." Like his uncle Andrew, in the ring at Smithfield, Johnson, in a circle of disputants, was determined neither to be thrown nor conquered. Notwithstanding all his piety, self-government, or the command of his passions in conversation, does not seem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for superiority, he has been known to break out with violence, and even ferocity. When the fray was over, he generally softened into repentance, and, by conciliating measures, took care that no animosity should be left rankling in the breast of his antagonist. Of this defect he seems to have been conscious. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he says, "Poor Barretti! do not quarrel with him; to neglect him a little will be sufficient. He means only to be frank and manly, and independent, and, perhaps, as you say, a little wise. To be frank, he thinks, is to be cynical; and to be independent, is to be rude. Forgive him, dearest lady, the rather, because of his misbehaviour I am

and said he learned part of me. I hope to set him hereafter a better example." For his own intolerant and overbearing spirit, he apologized by observing that it had done some good; obsequy and impiety were repressed in his company.

It was late in life before he had the habit of mixing, otherwise than occasionally, with polite company. At Mr. Thrale's he saw a constant succession of well-accomplished visitors. In that society he began to wear off the rugged points of his own character. He saw the advantages of mutual civility, and endeavoured to profit by the models before him. He aimed at what has been called by Swift the lesser morals, and by Cicero, *minores virtutes*. His endeavour, though new and late, gave pleasure to all his acquaintance. Men were glad to see that he was willing to be communicative on equal terms and reciprocal complacence. The time was then expected when he was to cease being what George Garrick, brother to the celebrated actor, called him the first time he heard him converse, "a tremendous companion." He certainly wished to be polite, and even thought himself so; but his civility still retained something uncouth and harsh. His manners took a milder tone, but the endeavour was too palpably seen. He laboured even in trifles. He was a giant, gaining a purchase to lift a feather.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that in the confines of virtue and great qualities, there are generally vices of an opposite nature. In Dr. Johnson not one ingredient can take the name of vice. From his attainments in literature grew the pride of knowledge; and from his powers of reasoning, the love of disputation and the vain glory of superior vigour. His piety, in some instances, bordered on superstition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought

it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men. Even the question about second sight held him in suspense. "Second sight," Mr. Pennant tells us, "is a power of seeing images impressed on the organs of sight by the power of fancy, or on the fancy by the disordered spirits operating on the mind. It is the faculty of seeing spectres or visions, which represent an event actually passing at a distance, or likely to happen at a future day. In 1771, a gentleman, the last who was supposed to be possessed of this faculty, had a boat at sea in a tempestuous night, and, being anxious for his freight, suddenly started up, and said his men would be drowned, for he had seen them pass before him with wet garments and dropping locks. The event corresponded with his disordered fancy. And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, "a disordered imagination, clouded with anxiety, may make an impression on the spirits; as persons restless and troubled with indignation, see various forms and figures while they lie awake in bed." This is what Dr. Johnson was not willing to reject. He wished for some positive proof of communications with another world. His benevolence embraced the whole race of man, and yet was tinged with particular prejudices. He was pleased with the minister in the Isle of Sky, and loved him so much that he began to wish him not a Presbyterian. To that body of Dissenters, his zeal for the established Church made him in some degree an adversary; and his attachment to a mixed and limited monarchy led him to declare open war against what he called a sullen republic. He would rather praise a man of Oxford than of Cambridge. He disliked a whig and loved a tory. These were the shades of his character, which it has been the business of certain party writers to represent in the darkest colours.

[To be continued.]

An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilson.

[Continued from page 524.]

THE account he gave when he returned was this. "When the canoe in which I went away came near the island where the king lived, a vast concourse of the natives ran out of their houses to see me; the king's brother, who accompanied me, took me by the hand, and conducted me from the landing-place up to the town, where there was a mat spread upon a square pavement, on which he by signs directed me to sit down. I obeyed, and in a little time the king appeared; which being notified to me by his brother, I arose, and made my obeisance after the manner of eastern nations, lifting up my hands to my head, and inclining my body forward; to which he did not seem to pay any attention.

"After this ceremony, I offered the king the presents my brother had sent by me, which he received in a very gracious manner. His brother, Arra Kooker, now talked a good deal with him, which I conceived was to acquaint him with our disaster, and our numbers; after which the king eat some of the sugar-candy, seemed to relish it, and distributed a little of it to several of his chiefs, and then directed all the things to be taken away to his own house; which being done, he ordered refreshments to be brought, which consisted of a cocoa-nut filled with warm water, and sweetened with molasses. After tasting it, he commanded a little boy who was near him to climb a cocoa-tree and gather fresh nuts: he cleared one from the husks, and tasting the milk thereof, bade the little boy present it to me, making signs to me to send it back when I had drank;

drank; he afterwards broke the nut in two, eat a little, and returned it to me to eat of it.

"I now found myself surrounded by a vast concourse of both sexes: much conversation took place between the king, his brother, and the chiefs who were with him. As their eyes were repeatedly directed to me, I concluded I was the subject of it. Taking off my hat by accident, all who were present seemed struck with astonishment, which I perceiving, unbuttoned my waistcoat, and took my shoes from my feet, that they might see they were no part of my body; for, when undeceived in this, they came nearer to me, stroked me, and put their hands into my bosom to feel my skin.

"It being now grown rather dark, the king, his brother, several others, and myself, retired into a house, where there was a supper brought in of yams boiled whole, and a kind of pudding made also of yams boiled and beat together, as we mash potatoes. They had likewise some shell-fish. They conducted me after supper to another house, where I found forty or fifty men and women; I was led thither by a female, who made signs to me to lie down on a mat that was spread for me to sleep on. After the rest of the company had satisfied their curiosity by viewing me, they went to sleep, and I laid myself down on the mat, drawing another mat over me, which was placed there for that purpose, resting my head on a block of wood, which serves the people here as a pillow. Unable to slumber, I lay perfectly still; and some time after, when all seemed quiet, about eight men arose, and began to make two great fires at each end of the house (which was not divided by partitions). This operation of theirs alarmed me; indeed I thought of nothing less than that they were going to roast me, and that they had only laid themselves

themselves down that I might drop asleep, and intended to seize me in that situation.

“However, as there was no possibility of escaping, I collected all my fortitude, and, recommending myself to the Supreme Disposer of all events, expected every moment to meet my fate; when, to my great surprise, after sitting a little while and warming themselves, they all retired again to their mats, nor got up any more till day-break, when I arose and walked about, encircled by great numbers of men, women, and children. It was not long before the king’s brother joined me, and went with me to several houses, where I was entertained with yams, cocoa-nuts and sweetmeats. Being after this conducted to the king, I signified that I wished to go back to my brother; he explained to me by signs that the canoes could not go out, there being too much wind and sea. The remainder of the day I spent in walking about the island, and observing its produce: I found it consisted chiefly of yams and cocoa-nuts; the former they cultivate with great care in large plantations, in swampy watery ground, like the rice in India. The cocoa-nut trees grow very near to their houses, as does also the beetle-nut, which they chew as tobacco.”

The favourable account brought by Mr. M. Wilson, and the message which the king had so graciously sent to Capt. Wilson by his son, could not fail of giving spirits to all our people.

Captain Wilson dressed the king’s son in a silk coat and a pair of blue trowsers; he was a young man extremely well made, but had lost his nose. This might accidentally have been torn off by a spear in battle, or it might have been the effect of a scrophulous habit, which

Mr.

Mr. Sharp the surgeon found afterwards prevailed much among the natives.

Finding the numbers of natives who visited them at their island increase, and having dried their powder and repaired their fire-arms, our people thought their safety required that they should appoint a regular guard every night, to be relieved every two hours. The ship's company was divided into five guards, each guard having an officer to give the watch-word, which was called and answered from the different posts every five minutes, there being nine men always upon guard. This arrangement being to take place for the first time on the evening of this day, Captain Wilson judged it advisable that his guests should be apprized of his intention, lest the turning out suddenly with arms might awaken apprehensions in them.

The hour of eight having been appointed for setting the guard, the Captain previously communicated to them the resolution they had formed, explaining at the same time that it was customary for the English to have a night-watch whenever they were from home; and that here it might be particularly useful, as it would prevent the inhabitants of the other islands from coming by night to attack them. This being explained, Captain Wilson invited them, before supper, to see the guard turn out; they seemed highly delighted to observe our men go through their exercise before they parted for their respective posts, each man having a musquet and cartouchbox, &c. and indeed all the men on board the Antelope, from the time that the vessel quitted England, were so constantly kept in the exercise of small arms, that they were sufficiently expert to have made a respectable appearance; and on the people before whom they now shewed themselves, their

skill and readiness must have made a formidable impression.

The novelty of the sight had forcibly worked on the imaginations of their new friends. Arra Kooker having lent a most steady attention to the explanation that had been given of the use of these military weapons (about which he had probably been talking with his brother the general) seemed as if some sudden thought had at the moment started in his mind, calling out eagerly to Raa Kook, in these words, "Englees mora (or go) Artingall, Pel'le, l  w," pointing to the northward and southward; then cried "Poo," imitating the sound which our guns had been represented to him to make when fired. They returned to the tents where they were to sleep, and appeared to be quite at ease and contented. They kept conversing together a great part of the night; and the business of this evening proved a very favourable circumstance, as from that time they seemed to consider the English as possessing such power and abilities as they could have no conception of before.

August 15, at day-break, the king's son, accompanied by one of his uncles, launched their canoe, and went off to the ship; Mr. Barker also got off with the jolly-boat; the pinnace wanting some little repairs, could not be sent till about an hour after: they both returned about noon, bringing with them some rice and other stores, and were going to make a second trip, but put back on seeing a number of canoes approaching. In the mean time, our people were informed that the king was coming. The king's canoe came forward between four others, two on each side of it. When they had come in as far as the tide would permit, it was signified to Captain Wilson that he should go out and meet the king; on which two of his own

men took him up in their arms and carried him through the shallow water to the canoe, where the king was sitting on a stage built in the middle of it. He desired Captain Wilson to come into the canoe, which he did, and embraced him, informing him, through the interpreters, that he and his friends were Englishmen, who had unfortunately lost their ship; but having saved their lives by landing on his territory, supplicated his permission to build a vessel to convey themselves back to their own country.

After a little pause, and speaking with a Chief in a canoe next to him (who they after learnt was the Chief Minister) the king replied, in the most courteous manner, that he was welcome to build, either at the place where he then was, or at his own island; told Captain Wilson, that the island he was then on was thought to be unhealthy; that he feared his people might be sickly, if they stayed on it before another wind set in, which he said would be in two moons; and that he might possibly be molested by the inhabitants of some of the neighbouring islands, who were at that time at war with him.

[To be continued.]

Thoughts on the Influence of SOLITUDE upon the Heart.
By M. ZIMMERMANN.

[Continued from page 542.]

ROUSSEAU, in his youth, was a great reader of romances; and being soon hurried away by the love of those imaginary objects, with which this species of reading and the fertility of his own imagination filled his mind, he disregarded every thing by which he was surrounded.

surrounded. This was the source of that taste for Solitude which he preserved to the most advanced period of his life ; a taste in appearance dictated by melancholy and misanthropy, but which he attributed to the irresistible impulses of a heart too kind, too tender, too affectionate ; and not being able elsewhere to gratify his feelings by sentiments sufficiently warm and animated, he was constrained to live on fiction.

There are wanderings of the imagination which may be indulged in Solitude to gratify the feelings of the heart, without doing any injury either to our sentiments or sensations. In every situation of my life I have always found some individual to whom my heart has fondly attached itself. Oh ! if my friends, who I have left in Switzerland, knew how frequently, during the silence of the night, I pass with them those hours which should be sacred to sleep ; if they knew, that neither time nor absence can efface from my mind the remembrance how dear they have been to me from my earliest youth to the soft remembrance, dissipates my sorrows and present moment ; if they knew how speedily they make me forget misfortune, they would perhaps rejoice that I still live among them in imagination, although I may be dead to them in reality.

Oh ! let not a solitary man, whose heart is warmed by sentiments noble and refined, ever be thought unhappy ! He, of whom the stupid vulgar so freely complain ; he, whom they conclude to be the victim of every melancholy idea, of every sombrous reflection, frequently tastes of inexpressible pleasures. The French conceived the good Rousseau to be of a gloomy disposition. He certainly was not so during a great portion of his life ; he certainly was not so when he wrote to M. de Malherbe, the chancellor's son, " I cannot express to you, Sir, how much I have been affected by
perceiving

perceiving that you esteem me the most unhappy of mankind. The public will, without doubt, judge of men as you do, and this is the cause of my affliction. Oh! that the fate which I have experienced were but known to the whole universe! that every man would endeavour to follow my example: peace would then reign throughout the world; men would no longer dream of calumniating each other; and there would no longer be wicked men, when no one would find it their interest to be wicked. But in what could I, in short, find enjoyment when I was alone? In myself, in the whole universe, in every thing that does, in every thing that can exist therein; in all that the eye finds beautiful in the real world, or the imagination in the intellectual. I collected about me every thing that is flattering to the heart; my desires were the rule of my pleasures. No! the most voluptuous have never experienced equal delights; and I have always enjoyed my chimeras much more than if they had been realised."

There is undoubtedly a high degree of rhapsody in these expressions; but oh! ye stupid vulgar, who would not prefer the warm wanderings of Rousseau's mind to your cold understandings? who would not voluntarily renounce your empty discourses, all your felicities, urbanities, noisy assemblies, pastimes, and prejudices? who would not prefer a quiet and contented life in the bosom of a happy family? who would not more willingly seek in the silence of the woods, upon the delightful borders of a still lake, those pleasures of simple nature which leave so delightful an impression, those joys so pure, so affecting, so different from your own?

Eclogues are fictions, but they are fictions of the most natural and agreeable kind, the purest and most sublime

sublime descriptions of rural happiness. If you are inclined to taste of real pleasures, you must seek them in retirement, where the soul feels itself altogether disengaged from the torments and oppression of the world: where she no longer feels those artificial wants which only contribute to render her more unhappy, whether she is capable of gratifying them, or seeks hopelessly to indulge them; where alone she preserves her refinement and simplicity. The man who neither sees nor hears those things which may affect the heart, who content with little is satisfied with all, breathes nothing but love and innocence, and perceives the golden age of the poets revived, of which the worldly-minded man so unjustly regrets the loss. Serenity, love, and a taste for the beauties of nature, were not advantages peculiar to the woods of Arcadia: we may all live in Arcadia if we please. The feelings of the heart, the innocent pleasure we derive from admiring a meadow covered with flowers, a crystal spring, and a pleasant shade, afford universal enjoyment.

Pope ascribes the origin of poetry to the age that immediately succeeded the creation. The first employment of mankind was the care of flocks, and therefore the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. It is natural to imagine that anciently shepherds must have endeavoured to divert the happy leisure of their solitary and sedentary life; and in such a situation what diversion could be more agreeable than singing? and in their songs what could be more natural than to celebrate their own felicity? Such was probably, in the opinion of Pope, the origin of pastorals; descriptions of the calmness and tranquility with which the life of a shepherd was attended, and designed, to create in our bosoms a love and esteem for the virtues of a former age.

Goodness

Goodness communicates itself by means of these happy fictions, and we bless the poet, who, in the ecstasy of his own felicity, endeavours to render others as happy as himself. Sicily and Zurich have produced two of these benefactors to mankind. The mind never beholds nature under a more beautiful aspect, we never breathe a purer air, the heart never beats so tenderly, the bosom never feels more refined delight, than when we read the Idylls of Theocritus Gessner; and it is my peculiar gratification, my dear Gessner, when I recal to mind the pleasures I have received in our correspondence.

It is by these easy and simple modes that the beauties of nature operate upon the heart in aid of the imagination, that rural life inspires the soul with the mildest sentiments, and that Solitude leads us to happiness. The mind, indeed, drawn away by these agreeable images, often resigns itself too easily to romantic ideas; but they frequently give birth to fancies which amend the heart without doing any injury to the understanding, while the happy fictions and most agreeable remembrances spread their flowers along the thorny paths of life.

The heart frequently feels no repose, the highest happiness on earth, except in Solitude: but the term "repose" does not always signify sloth and indolence. The transition from that which is painful to that which is pleasant, from the restraints of business to the freedom of philosophy, may also be called repose. It was from this idea that P. Scipio said, that he was never less idle than in the hours of leisure, and never less alone than when alone. To strong energetic minds leisure and Solitude are not a state of torpidity, but a new incentive to thought and action; and, when they rejoice that the happy completion of one labour enables

enables them immediately to commence another, it is for the heart and not for the mind that they ask repose.

It is but too true, alas! that he who seeks for a situation exempt from all inquietude follows a chimera. He who is inclined to enjoy life, must not aspire to repose as an end, but only as a means of re-animating his activity. He must therefore prefer such employments as are best suited to the extent and nature of his capacity, and not those which promise compensation and enjoyment without pain and labour, which leave one portion of the faculties inert, steep the senses in forgetfulness, and promise pleasures and advantages which require no exertions to attain.

Repose is not to be found in indolence, but by taking immediate advantage of the first impulse to action. If the misfortunes of those we love always make us unhappy; if the grief of those whom we observe under sufferings tear our hearts; if the acute feelings of compassion for the unfortunate poison all our pleasures, envelope the appearances of the world in shades of the darkest melancholy, render our existence painful, our faculties incapable of exertion, and deprive us even of ability to practise the virtues which we feel; if we for months and years vainly endeavour to deliver ourselves from the most cruel sufferings, we must then absolutely fly to Solitude. But oh! may the beauty which accompanies our retreat be an Angel of Virtue, who in our descent to the vale of death will conduct and support us by her wisdom in a noble and sublime tranquility.

Amidst the concatenation of passions and misfortunes of which I was the sport and victim, I knew no hours more happy than those in which I forgot the world and

was forgotten by it. Those happy hours I always found in the silence of the groves. All that oppressed my heart in public life, all that in the vortex of the world only inspired me with disgust, fear or restraint, then fled far away. I admired the silence of surrounding nature, and while I enjoyed the scene, the softest and most delicious sensations filled my breast.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS on the MISERY of MAN.

THERE is nothing more capable of letting us into the knowledge of human misery, than an enquiry after the real cause of that perpetual hurry and confusion, in which we pass our lives.

The soul is sent into the body, to be the sojourner of a few days. She knows that this is but a step, till she may embark for eternity; and that a small space is allowed her to prepare for the voyage. The main part of this space is ravished from her by the necessities of nature; and but a slender pittance is left to her own disposal: and yet this moment which remains does so strangely oppress and perplex her, that she only studies how to lose it. She feels an intolerable burden, in being obliged to live with herself, and think of herself; and therefore, her principal care is to forget herself, and to let this short and precious moment pass away without reflection, by amusing herself with things which prevent her notice of its speed.

This is the ground of all the tumultuary business, of all the trifling diversions amongst men; in which our general aim is to make the time pass off our hands

without feeling it, or rather without feeling ourselves; and, by getting rid of this small portion of life, to avoid that inward disgust and bitterness, which we should not fail to meet with, if we found leisure to descend into our own breasts. For it is undeniably certain, that the soul of man is here incapable of rest and satisfaction. And this obliges her to expand herself every way, and to seek how she may lose the thoughts of her own proper being in a settled application to things about her. Her very happiness consists in this forgetfulness; and to make her exquisitely miserable, nothing more is required, but the engaging of her to look into herself, and dwell at home.

We charge persons from their very infancy with the care of their own fortunes and honors, and no less of their estates and dignities belonging to their kindred and friends. We burthen them with the study of languages, of exercises, and of arts. We enter them in business, and persuade them, that they can never be truly blessed, unless by their industry and caution they in some measure secure the interest and glory of themselves, their families, and their dependants; and that unavoidable unhappiness is entailed upon the failure of any one particular of this kind. Thus we teach them to wear out their strength, and to rob themselves of their rest. A strange method (you will say of making them happy!) What could be done with more effect towards the insuring them in misery? Would you know what? why, only to release them from these cares, and to take off their burdens. For then their eyes and thoughts must be turned inward, and that is the only hardship which they esteem insupportable. Hence, if they gain any relaxation from their labours, we find them eager to throw it away upon some sport or diversion, which takes up their whole activity, and pleasantly robs them of themselves.

It is for this reason, that when I have set myself to consider the various agitations of human life, the toil and danger to which we expose ourselves in the court, in the camp, and in the pursuit of ambition, which give birth to so much passion and contention, to so many desperate and fatal adventures; I have often said that the universal cause of men's misfortunes, was their not being able to live quietly in a chamber. A person who has enough for the uses of this world, did he know the art of dwelling with himself, would never quit that repose and security for a voyage or a siege; nor would take so much pains to hazard his life, had he no other aim, than barely to live.

But, upon stricter examination I found, that this aversion to home, this roving and restless disposition, proceeded from a cause, no less powerful than universal; from the native unhappiness of our frail and mortal state, which is incapable of all comfort, if we have nothing to divert our thoughts, and to call us out of ourselves.

I speak of those alone who survey their own nature, without the views of faith and religion. It is indeed one of the miracles of christianity, that by reconciling man to God, it restores him to his own good opinion; that it makes him able to bear the sight of himself; and in some cases, renders solitude and silence more agreeable, than all the intercourse and action of mankind.

Nor is it by fixing man in his own person, that it produceth these wonderful effects; it is by carrying him to God, and by supporting him under the sense of his miseries, with the hopes of an assured and complete deliverance in a better life. But for those who do not act above the principles of mere nature, it is impossible

impossible they should, without falling into an incurable chagrin and discontent, undergo the lingering torment of leisure. Man who loves nothing but his own person, hates nothing so much as to be confined to his own conversation. He seeks nothing but himself; and yet flies and avoids nothing more than himself; because when he is obliged to look within, he does not see himself such as he could wish; discovering only a hidden store of inevitable miseries, and a mighty void of all real and solid good, which is beyond his ability to replenish.

Let a man chuse his own condition; let him embellish it with all the goods, and all the satisfactions, he can possess or desire; yet, in the midst of all this glory and pride he is without business, and without diversion, and has time to contemplate his fortunes, his spirits must unavoidably sink beneath the languishing felicity. He will of necessity torment himself with the prospect of what is to come; and he that boasteth to have brought home all the ingredients of happiness, must again be sent abroad, or condemned to domestic misery.

Is majesty itself so truly great, and sufficient, as to support those whom it adorns and encircles, under the bare thought of their own grandeur? Is it necessary that this thought should be here likewise diverted, as in the common herd of men? A vulgar person will be happy if he may ease himself of his secret troubles, by applying all his care to excel in the perfection of dancing. But dare we say this of a king? Or, will he be more charmed with so vain and petty amusements, than with the contemplation of his royal dignity and estate? What nobler, what more sublime object than himself, to engage and to satisfy his spirit? Might it not seem an envious lessening of his content, to interrupt his princely

princely thought, with the care of measuring his steps by an air of music, or exactly ordering a ball, instead of leaving him to survey the glories of his throne, and to rejoice in the excellence of his power? Let us presume to make the experiment: let us suppose a Prince in solitude without any entertainment of sense, any relief of conversation; and we shall find that a Prince with his eyes upon himself, is a man full of miseries, and who feels as quick and piercing a resentment as the lowest among his slaves. And therefore, it has been a standing maxim, to banish these intruding and importunate reflections from Court, and to keep about the royal person those who shall constantly purvey for the amusement of their master, by laying a train of diversions to succeed after business, and watching his hours of leisure, to pour in immediately a fresh supply of mirth and sport, that no vacancy may be left in life; that is, the Court abounds with men, who have a wonderful activity in taking care that his majesty shall not be alone; well knowing that solitude is but another name for misery, that the supreme pitch of worldly greatness is too nice and weak, to bear the examination of thought.

The principal thing which supports men under great employments, otherwise so full of toil and trouble, is, that by this means they are called off from the penance of self-reflection.

For pray consider, what is it else to be a Superintendant, a Chancellor, a Prime-President, but to have a number of persons flocking about them from all sides, who shall secure them, every hour in the day, from giving audience to their own mind? If they chance to fall into disgrace, and to be banished to their country seat, though they want neither fortune nor retinue, yet they seldom fail to commence unhappy; because they

they are no longer entertained with such a variety of new faces, and a succession of new business, as may make any thing, rather than themselves, the subject of their meditation.

Whence comes it to pass that men are transported to such a degree with gaming, hunting, or other diversions? Not because they imagine that true happiness is to be found in the money which they win at play, or in the beast which they ran down in the chase: for should you present them before-hand with both these, to save their trouble, they would be unanimous in rejecting the proposal. It is not the gentle and easy part which they are fond of, such as may give them leisure and space for thought: but it is the heat and hurry, which divert them from the mortification of thinking.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the American Moral & Sentimental Magazine.

On hearing a set of Singers murder a piece of Music.

By E. C.

A PIECE of music made with judgment, taste and art,
With calculations true, to cord in ev'ry part,
And sung exact by rule, with voices soft and clear,
It fills my soul with life—ah! Heav'n I think is near;
But cruel discord rends and “rives my nerves asunder,”
Like squalls of storming wind, with hail and dismal
thunder.

Some

Some screech like owls, or croak like crows or ravens flying :
Some bawl like monkeys whipt, with all their hideous crying ;
Or squeak or scream like pigs in all the pain of dying.

No time is kept, some go too fast and some too slow,
And as to tone, some are too high and some too low :
Thus time, and tone, and tune, are terribly abus'd,
And in a frightful medley horribly confus'd.
Of all the clash, and din of harsh, and dreadful sounds,
With which the universe in discord so abounds.
This hateful jargon, by such fingers is the worst,
And penetrates me with the most acute disgust.

AN ACROSTIC,

Composed by the Rev.

Ere I acrosticize upon my name,
Zany let me be call'd, if I my fame
Exalt, or boast, or puff, or try to raise,
Know this my friends, myself I cannot praise.
I came from dust, to dust shall go again,
Enter the grave and silent there remain;
Let me then know, that human praise is vain.

Can I forget my sins against my Lord?
Oh! how have I transgress'd his holy word!
O God! through Christ for mercy do I look,
Pray blot my sins for ever from thy book;
Engage my heart, in humble faith and love,
Receive my soul at last to joys above!

ON

ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS! thou bliss divine!
 An humble vot'ry at thy shrine,
 I tune the grateful lay:
 Thine empire o'er the world extends;
 To thee each knee with reverence bends,
 And gladly owns thy sway.

For thee, within her dark abode,
 Pale Avarice keeps her useless load,
 And toils for thee alone:
 The bare worn trav'ller's bosom glows
 For thee, 'midst Lapland's live-long snows,
 Or India's burning zone.

For thee, War sounds her dread alarms,
 And bids the hero's conqu'ring arms
 The vengeful weapon wield:
 Inspir'd by thee, nought chills her breast,
 Though death in awful terror dress'd,
 Ravage the bloody field.

Ardent I seek the flow'ry road,
 That leads to thy divine abode;
 O deign to be my guide!
 Waft my low bark with prosp'rous sail,
 Through ev'ry rough and boist'rous gale
 That swells life's rapid tide:

And steer me to that happy shore,
 Where no rude tempest's sullen roar
 Disturbs thy blissful reign:
 There, with thy genial influence blest'd,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall fill my breast,
 And Pleasure banish Pain.